THE CARELESS MIDDLE-AGED.

ATHER WILLIAM'S inquiring son no doubt felt-a very natural astonishment when he beheld his parent standing on his head, but we have long since caused to feel whatever at the reckless behavior of elders who, having passed age when looks count (so they think), proceed to plunge themselves not jute pation and riotous living-far be it-but into the most amosing indifference. egards their personal appearance. "Comfort! Comfort!" is the cry of the

here is the greatest tendency with these wilful beings not to take enough They will not walk. "I never liked to walk when I was young," they Exercise is one of the strongest weapons with which to fight the attacks

be in the afternoon, and even if sleep should not come that dear little ng arrives she is refreshed and rested and ready to receive her family

infirm direction, look not upon it, but content yourself with simpler fare. the strong tex and coffee, the rich ples and puddings of your adventurous and cleave to the simple and wholesome food of a more sensible period wald if you will, you dear people, and enjoy it, too, as, upoh my word, ally seem to. But with some show of realstance, you will find the years

ly twice a day. The skin over the that there may be plenty of room fate them. circulation-Cologne; 8 ounces; tincof cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of Eng. Anti-Kink Pomade.

nor leave half so deep a mark.

ples and Indigestion.

ISS D.-I regret that there is not space here to answer all your mal letter I shall be very glad to ime you. You had better begin at Tonic for Scalp. taking a heaping teaspoonful of sphate of soda in half a glassful water every morning before break-In eating avoid all greasy and fords, give up coffee and tea, and no stimulants. Lat green vege-

oll. 5 grams; sulphur presipitate, 5 A. C.-Here is a tonic for falling grams; oxide of zinc, 2 12 grams; exhair that will help you if used tract of violet, 10 drops. Apply a very regularly; Mansage the scalp thor- little of the cream to each pimple; walt until the pimples are cured before should be loose and flexible in or- using the face brush, which might irri-

TT S. A. This is the anti-kink pomade you wish: Beef suet, 8 ounces; yellow wax, 1 ounce; castor oil, ounce; benzole acid, 5 grams; bit of emon, 1-2 gram; oil of cassia, 8 drops. Mix the suct and wax over a slow heat, add the castor oil and acid and allow to properly cool, and then add the other offs. Apply to the hair as any other

1 ISO F. S.—This scalp tonic will help you, but it must be used faithfully, and the scalp should be massaged twice a day. Continue shamproing once a week or every ten days: of six times a day drink a teacupof water as hot as you can stand it;
vays one before going to bed. Here
formula which will heal your pimtone water 6 thrama. Use every night,
rubbing it well into the scalp with a
small sponge. Aromatic vinegar, 4 drams; glycerine, 2

HINTS FOR THE HOME

nilla Wafers.

REAM half a cup of butter with one beaten egg, a quarter of a lengths; bake in a quick over of sweet milk and one tablespoon Apple Batter Pudding. vanilla, then beat in two and a rter cups of flour, one teaspoon DARE and were six apples, plant baking powder and balf a teaspoon salt sifted together, roll thin, out and bake in a quick oven.

erman Christmas Cakes.

one cup of granulated sugar, add lengths; bake in a quick oven.

them closely together in a buttered

sugar and a cup of water, cover and bake until tender; remove, and when cool pour over them a batter made of IX one tablespoon of black pepper, five large tablespoons of flour, a pinch one of ground cinnamon, one tea- of salt and one teaspoon of baking powspoon of ground cloves, the grat-rind of two oranges and one lemon sur one tablespoon of metted butter h one quart of New Orleans mo- and one pint of milk, afterward adding es; let stand over night; then add three well beaten eggs; pour over the teaspoons of baking powder sifted apples, return to oven and bake quickenough flour to make a rather stiff ly. Serve with liquid sauce.

"Sal."

By Walter A. Sinclair.

From parlor back to kitchen now the fad has hit us bad, And from the conversation you can see it has us mad. In circles where the ladies wear the foreheads tall and domey They speak about the hoochee-coochee princess as "Salomee,"

Since appetites grew peevish while we read "The Jungle," rude, We've nothing that so palled us on our daily breakfast food. In fascinated horror at the tasty scenes we glance, Then hurry to descriptions of the Oriental dance. The talk about this lady has upset our happy home-And up around in Harlem we pronounce the name "Sal-ome."

The after-op'ra supers play to empty scats this week, And as for that unveiling, we're too modest now to speak. But talk?—You can't prevent it. Everybody in the town Discussed it in sly whispers and you cannot keep it down. Manhattan's surely crazy on this giddy dancing gal.

But how do you pronounce it? We have compromised on "Sal."

The Jarr Family's Daily Jars

By Roy L. McCardell.

OW, if you children will be good," said Mrs. Jarr, impressively, "you shall all go to see The before Maude Adams goes away."

"Who's Maude Adams, ma?" asked little Emma. "And does Peter Pan look like a dish, ma?" asked the

"Never you mind," said Mrs. Farr, "you will find it all up to-morrow to go to school."

"Mame, I want a drink of water!" called the little boy as soon as Mrs. Jarr had got out of their bedroom. Mrs. Jarr paid no attention, and pretty soon there was

"Is it any wonder I'm a nervous wreck?" cried Mrs.

At this she bounced out of her chair and into where the children were. "Willie palled my hair." sobbed the little girl.

"She slapped me;" said the little boy. "Well, he made faces at me and he told me if I dill get a big wax doll on my birthday that he would hire a lot of murderers to souk it in hot water so its hair would come off, and punch in its eyes, and take the sawdust out and thud was heard, and then more and pure. The cries of the children rose higher

"But she said boys was no good and that they had warts and freckles and that she was going to sleep and dream a policemen would grab me and lock alarm, as she ran to the rescue. me up!" shouted the little boy.

Mrs. Jarr, with a moan of desperation, yanked down the bed clothes with a deft gesture and gave each child a resounding epank.

my days! When I was your age I was in bed and aslees, at I o' never got to see anything. You two are just spoiled by your father till there is no living with you. Now you go right to sleep without another word, or I'll NEW YORK THEO FUILITY GIASSES give you both a dose of castor oil you'll remember. And if I hear another word from you, or if you're not good for all the rest of this week, you won't get to

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists \$\sim\$

"I say, Clara," said Mr. Jarr, when his wife returned to where he was sitting,

'I heard you with the children. I think you made a mistake" "Of course you do!" snapped Mrs. Jarr; "you never think I do anything right. haven't a bit of trouble with those children when you are not at home. But then you are home they know you will uphold them in everything disobedient and disrespectful they do, and they presume upon it."
"Oh, come now," said Mr. Jarr, restraining himself with an effort. "Cut that

talk out. What I was going to say is that I think this way of bringing up out Saturday. Now stop romping and lay down there and children by promising them they'll be punished if they are bad and be rewarded go to sleep. It's after 9 o'clock and you won't want to get if they are good is ethically immoral."

"What!" screamed Mrs. Jarr, "do you mean to ell me that you consider your wife and children immoral? Do you mean to say"---

"Hold your horses," said Mr. Jarr, "what I mean to say is that I think children would get a better grasp of moral ethics if they were taught to do right muffled scuffle, some suppressed childish laughter and because it is right, irrespective of the practical application, 'Be good or you will then a piercing scream from the room where the children be punished. I'd rather my children wouldn't be good, if they have to be good on a bargain-because they are paid for it. Ethically"-

"Oh, bother your ethica!" said Mrs. Jarr, shortly. "If you were cooped up "Just listen to those children! I declare they are just worrying me into with those little imps all day and had your nervous system just jumping the sparks, way they carry on, you'd not only promise them a whipping, but you'd give it Just then the sound of a battle royal arose from the children's bedroom.

The patter of little feet across the floor was heard. Mrs. Jarr sprang to her feet, "Go right in there, Edward Jarr, and give them a whipping!" she cried, "and give it to them good!"

Mr. Jarr moved unwillingly to the scene; the door closed behind him. A soft

and Mr. Jarr's voice was heard expostulating. "He never knows when to stop when he gets started!" said Mrs. Jarr, in wild

There lay Mr. Jarr across the bed, the centre of an assault-at-arms in royal pillow fight, while the children shricked with delight. "How can I do anything with them?" said Mrs. Jarr.

I Wonder Why!



By Quincy Scott



A WOMAN WILL BERATE A TEAMSTER FOR BEATING HIS MULES, AND



HIM ARRESTED, AND THEN



MAKE ARTHUR GO BARELEGGED ALL WINTER

By Irvin S. Cobb.



WHE sacred Sunday concert is one of the things that belongs distinctively to New York, like Coroner Harburger and the knocklyneed statue of Sunset Cos that has the reverse english on the wrong side of Sunset's castiron legs. We owe its existence in its present pellucid form to the noble efforts of those same inspired reformers who shut off Sunday baseball on the principle that it was a sinful thing if a broad-beamed party who had been shovelling coal all week should go out and wallow in the sunshine at the Polo Grounds, watching the Joints lam the giblets out of the leather, when he might just as easily be attending a talk on Palestine by a gifted lecturer who had been all through the Holy Land in a guide book.

Another crowning achievement of the same bunch was

driving the canteen out of the military posts so that the numble enlisted man, instead of having his two beers of an evening and then turning in full of good will and suds, as formerly, may now sneak off the reservation, acquire several hooters of stuff that is full of colored lights and green same as a Roman candle, and then, if he's a pronounced brunette, down in Texas, shoot up a few of the white trash and become an object of deep concern to Senator Tillman, who believes that no negro soldier should ever be dishonorably discharged is long as there's a chance of holding him over for the lynching season.

Eventually they hope to legislate into existence a style of sterfliged and antiseptic racing by which there will be no rembling, no touts, no bookmakers, no pool-rooms-and no horses. A strong mental effort will be required to distingulah a race meeting from an Old Settlers' Retinion.

But in the meanwhile the sacred Sunday concert remains the most brilliant triumph of the reform movement. Yet to the inexpert eye little difference is apparent between a sacred concert and one of the common every-day vaudeville ows where they tear of ragtime and other cutuppishness, by the ell.

The performance customarily opens with a medicy of songs and dances by a group of female cassowaries who think they are still eligible for the broiler balet. Then we have the troupe of performing earwigs, and next the lady vocalist who is suffering from a flatwheel in her, voice and doesn't know it,

An invariable feature of our sacred Sunday concert is the refined comedy team in the latest quips and catches. In years gone by these popular entertainers won applicuse by coarser methods. They were property whiskers which formed brindle sunbursts around their faces, and hit each other upon the feaures with stuffed manis and trick hatchets. Now by appearing in frock coats and never striking the face with anything harder than a large walking stick they produce a performance which appeals to the thoughtful and the refined of the community. Only the jokes are unchanged. Also we have the horizontal bar specialists who wear the hair roached off the

forehead in a romantic scalloped effect and who please us with their graceful attitudes while resining the feet and wiping the hands with the mutual handkerchief. Likewise the favorite monologuist, killing us dead with the delightfut umor that used to hearten up the soldier boys during the siege of Richmond, and the rest of the dear familiar features.

THE FUNNY PART:

Yet because the scenery isn't shifted it's a sacred Sunday concert.

BETTY VINCENT'S O PADVICE LOVERS

Or, at least, try to enjoy a joke-or to look as if you did. Men say women have no sense of humor. While this is not strictly true, yet many a girl lacks popularity because of her denseness in seeing a joke. Nothing so tickles a man's vanity as to have the girl with whom he is talking appreciate his efforts at wit. A slony or perpiezed stare on hearing a good or poor wittlelam is the worst sort

of a damper to congenial acquaintanceship and a deathblow to ease of con-

The girl who eternally glazies is a blight. But she who cannot summon up a pleasant little laugh at her companion's efforts to amuse her is almost as bad. No girl who is devoid of humor should essay to tell a joke. But any girl can lough at one. She will know when the "point" comes, because most peop's repeat it over twice. The girl whom men like is the girl who can flatter them by laughing at their attempts to be humorous. Why not be such a girl?

To Make Him Speak.

a good deal of a young man who is This young man has called on me for the past year, and has shown by his actions that he loves me, withough I cannot make him declare his love. Now, my dear Betty, can you tell me how I



To Get Rid of Him.

AM a young girl twenty years of age and know a young fellow about two years my junior. I know this



one of telling to the man about another man's attentions and asking his advice as to whether or not you should accept him. Fometimes it works.

Be out when he calls. If that is not sufficient, tell him, when he finds you at home, that you have an engagement out. He must soon realize that you do not desire his attentions. May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Misses' Over Walst or Jumper with Guimpe-Pattern No. 5575.

adapted both to the man and appears to be equally charming both, while it can be made from a variety. of materials. This one is eminently simple, and girlish and is quite appropriate for either silk or wool. terial, while it can be made to match the skirt or as a separate waist as liked. In this instance plaid taffets is trimmed with a little fancy braid and worn over a guimpe of all-over But one great advantage of the waist is found in the "fact that it can be slipped on over any guimpe that the young wearer may possess. those of lingerie material being well liked

C ELDOM has any

S fashion taken such a firm hold

upon femininine fancy

for the purpose, the special one being by no means obligatory. The quantity of material required for the medlum size is, for yards 21, 11-2 yards 27 or 1 1-4 yards 44 inches

ide with 10 yards of braid; for the guimpe 3 1-4 yards 18, 3 yards 21 or 1 5-8 Pattern No. 5575 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

How to Obtain Patterns

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-TON FASHION BUREAU. No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered IMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

By Rudyard Kipling 🧩

The Rescue of Pluffles.

The Rescue of Pluffles.

A Duel Between 5two Women, which was the second to the proper of the proper of the proper of the property of the prop